Without Fear, There Can Be No Faith

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Without Fear, There Can Be No Faith

by amoralagent

Summary

Sighing thoughtfully, Hannibal crossed one leg over the other, "These are questions that are cried into the darkened wilds. Screamed to the open sky, awaiting an answer." Hannibal mused, "They're often answerless."

"That's what philosophy's all about." Will shrugged, relaxing, "People love the what-ifs. It's arguable about whether or not we actually want to hear answers." He took another drink and saw ideas flitting like darting swallows behind Hannibal's eyes.

Will has a realisation. Hannibal is more than willing to indulge him.

Notes

This talks about religion/God in the same way they do in the show (not omnibenevolent, potentially a bit of a dick) and some people could find that offensive. Then again, the whole show is pretty offensive. But y'know, just forewarning if you're sensitive about that stuff.

"I've had a realisation." Will announced, completely unprovoked, while sitting at the table sorting out his fishing reel with his back to Hannibal- his thoughts venturing elsewhere in the monotony of the task. Hannibal slightly lowered the book he'd been reading to glimpse at the movement of Will's hands from the weird angle, watching the fluid motion of his shoulder blades moving beneath his shirt, like something trying to break free. Then turned a page, decidedly curious.

"Have you, now?" Hannibal wasn't particularly paying attention, but then again, Hannibal's mind is an enigma able to pay attention to several things equally, all at once, and without negligence; a bafflement to science, by all accounts. Will, however, had the ability to be the sole focus, and was always at the forefront.

"*Well*-- not so much a realisation, but I've- erm- been thinking about something for a while." One of the dogs went to barge past where Will had the rod precariously balanced, and would no doubt have damaged it if he hadn't have snapped a finger and hissed at them, alerting them to avoid. Sniffing, he cut and tied, wound the line in, and put the rod down- turning around in his seat to face Hannibal, his forearm over the back of the chair: "It's not exactly new, though. Nothing groundbreaking." Predictably, Hannibal was intrigued, even more so by the downplay.

He stopped reading, marking the page and closing the book, "Bequeath upon me you're newfound wisdom, mano miele." Smiling a little, he folded his hands in his lap, watching Will watch him in keen interest.

"Evil is a spectrum." He stated, and Hannibal tilted his head, seemingly surprised by the subject: "I knew that already, it's not what I'm getting at. I was thinking more about life-and-death, ethicality, bullshit. The questionable morality of what we do, really."

"*We do* in relation to humanity's collective actions, or our actions exclusively? Yours and mine."

"Either. Any hypothesis would probably account for both." Hannibal paused, plucking words, and Will got up to sit on the couch adjacent to his armchair.

"What have you come to realise?"

"If good can't exist without it's opposite, how can things like natural disasters help to balance it all out?" Will proposed, picking up his neglected glass of bourbon from the coffee table and taking a sip, "Should there not be what's considered a *necessary dose* of evil? That is, when it comes to evil being used to educate humanity."

Hannibal adjusted the angle of the book as he put it on the stool next to him, "It's a held philosophy that all evil has it's proportionate good, to counterbalance."

Will paused, swirling his glass, and scowled passably, "Then, what would counterbalance genocide?"

Sighing thoughtfully, Hannibal crossed one leg over the other, "These are questions that are cried into the darkened wilds. Screamed to the open sky, awaiting an answer." Hannibal mused, "They're often answerless."

"That's what philosophy's *all about*." Will shrugged, relaxing, "People love the what-ifs. It's arguable about whether or not we actually want to hear answers." He took another drink and saw ideas flitting like darting swallows behind Hannibal's eyes.

"So, is death a necessary evil?" Will noticeably fidgeted.

"Death can be a benefit." He said, quietly, after a pause. Faces of his carried dead looming around him- the kind smiles and caring eyes, of the which he'd never see again. He swallowed down his grief.

"Unless it's a complete cessation of sensation- like an endless sleep. That could benefit some, but it'd be quite a disappointment, would it not?"

"Materialists would say so. It could be liberating, if we would be aware of it." Will scratched the stubble on his jaw and sighed softly, "Heaven is the coolest club in town. Supposedly."

"Is that comforting?"

He scoffed a laugh, "I don't really believe in it."

"Does that upset you?"

"Kind of." Will looked at his glass, grimacing: "I want to believe in somewhere easier, y'know, that people are *in a better place now.* Seems hard to believe once you've seen all that I've seen."

Hannibal almost imperceptibly cocked a brow, "An absence of God?"

Will scrunched up his nose for a moment, half shrugging, "An unkind God." He offered, mocking, "God isn't actually good. He's too elegant-- we're a bag of puppies left to drown in a river, and He doesn't want to get his boots dirty."

Hannibal looked to the floor, and back up, thinking of the glimmering eyes of wolves in the bleak midwinter, "Suffering can bring about changes. God considers it to be penance, under some circumstance."

"Does He like that?" Will took another sip.

Hannibal put his hands on the armrests, "Perhaps. It could make Him feel dominant. Revered."

"Is that why *you* kill?" Will asked, over the rim of his glass, a glimmer in his eyes, mischievous. A smile only appeared in the lines around Hannibal's eyes.

"I've heard it debated. It's quite a lovely aftereffect." Hannibal held Will's gaze, watching for a reaction that he hardly got, just intrigue, "Is that why you kill? For dominance?"

Will finished his drink and stared flatly at the glass in his hand, the warmth in his stomach settling lower, "Can't say it is." When he looked back at him he seemed oddly calmer, closed, eyes roaming, "I think it just comes with that appeal, to be an apex predator. It's an ego boost."

"Does *my* ego need encouraging?" Hannibal teased, making Will crack a smile.

"*No*." He laughed, getting up and crossing over to him, "And *this* isn't encouragement." He leaned down and kissed him, Hannibal looked up and him when he pulled back, as if offering his throat, "I'm going fishing, you can think on this while I'm gone." He kissed him again and walked back to get his equipment, pulling on one of Hannibal's jumpers over his shirt, "If you think anymore about my partiality for dominance, feel free to call me, but I doubt I'll get cell reception." He grinned, goading, and Hannibal quelled a smile.

"Is this a necessary evil, Will?" He countered, and Will's smile didn't falter as he pulled on his fishing vest.

"If you'd like." He added, and they exchanged goodbyes as he toed on his shoes and left. Hannibal thought of Will drowning and how dirty he would get his boots.

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